

GRAPHX PRESS

NO. 1

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WHY RENT WHEN  
YOU CAN OWN

# MORPHS

GOOD NIGHT,  
CAN IT BE  
REAL?!

WOW!!!  
FIRST ISSUE

SEE CHARACTERS  
FIGHTING FOR  
THEIR LIVES!!!

SEE BLURBS  
FIGHTING FOR  
ROOM ON THE COVER!



# MORPHS

No. 1 April, 1987

PUNK MUTANTS  
ON CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES  
VS,  
DALMATION ALLEY  
BY PHIL MORRISSEY

STAR LIZARD  
BY TOM OWENS

KITTY MALONE  
IN  
THE TEETH OF THE PHAROAH  
BY JOHN SPEIDEL

GEORGIE GOES TO THE  
CON  
BY JERRY COLLINS

J.L. COON  
IN  
HIT AND RUN  
BY TOM LINEHAN



Typesetting by Mark Wallace

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IN THE LAST DAYS OF REALITY, MID 1990'S IN HUMAN TERMS, A DEVICE LABELED 'DEUS MACHINA' OR 'THE GOD MACHINE' WAS

CREATED TO SOLVE MAN'S PROBLEMS BY TWISTING REALITY AND ERASING

THEM! THE 'GOD MACHINE'

WAS FLAWED AND PRO-

CEEDED TO TWIST OUR EARTH

INSIDE-OUT!! THIS ENDED A CONCEPT WE KNOW

AS SANITY AS WE KNEW IT! COFFEE BECAME

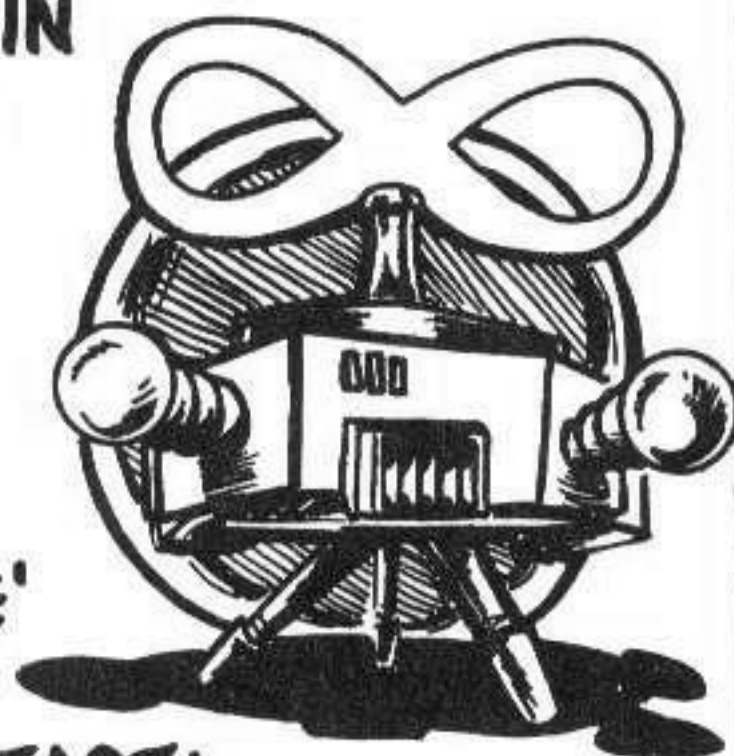
THE NUMBER ONE DRUG, FOR IT CAUSED THE

CREATURE INGESTING IT TO REALISE THAT THIS

WAS NOT JUST A BAD DREAM! THIS IS THE SAGA OF TWO

INTREPID COFFEE RUNNERS, BUCKY BOARDELLO AND CHERRIES

JUBILEE, A COUPLE OF.....



# PUNK MUTANTS

...ON CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES!

© 1986

BY: R. MORRISSE

V S.



(THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO MY LATE GRANDFATHER, CHARLES ALLRED.)

MEET CHERRIES.



HERE'S YER GRUB, LADY.

PICKLES?



THERE'S PICKLES ON THIS BURGER!



SO WHAT.

SO, I DON'T LIKE PICKLES ON MY BURGER...



SO, YOU'D BETTER FIX IT FAST, FATSO!

KUK



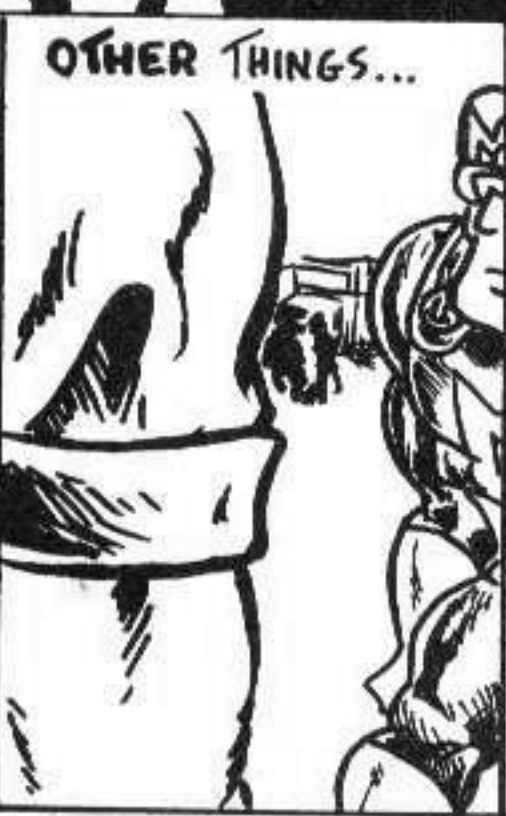
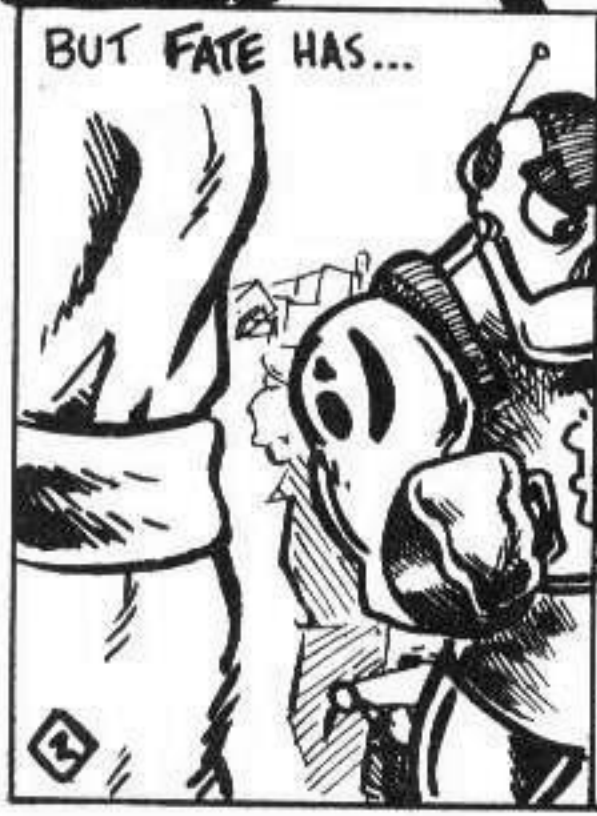
MEET BUCKY.



BLAM



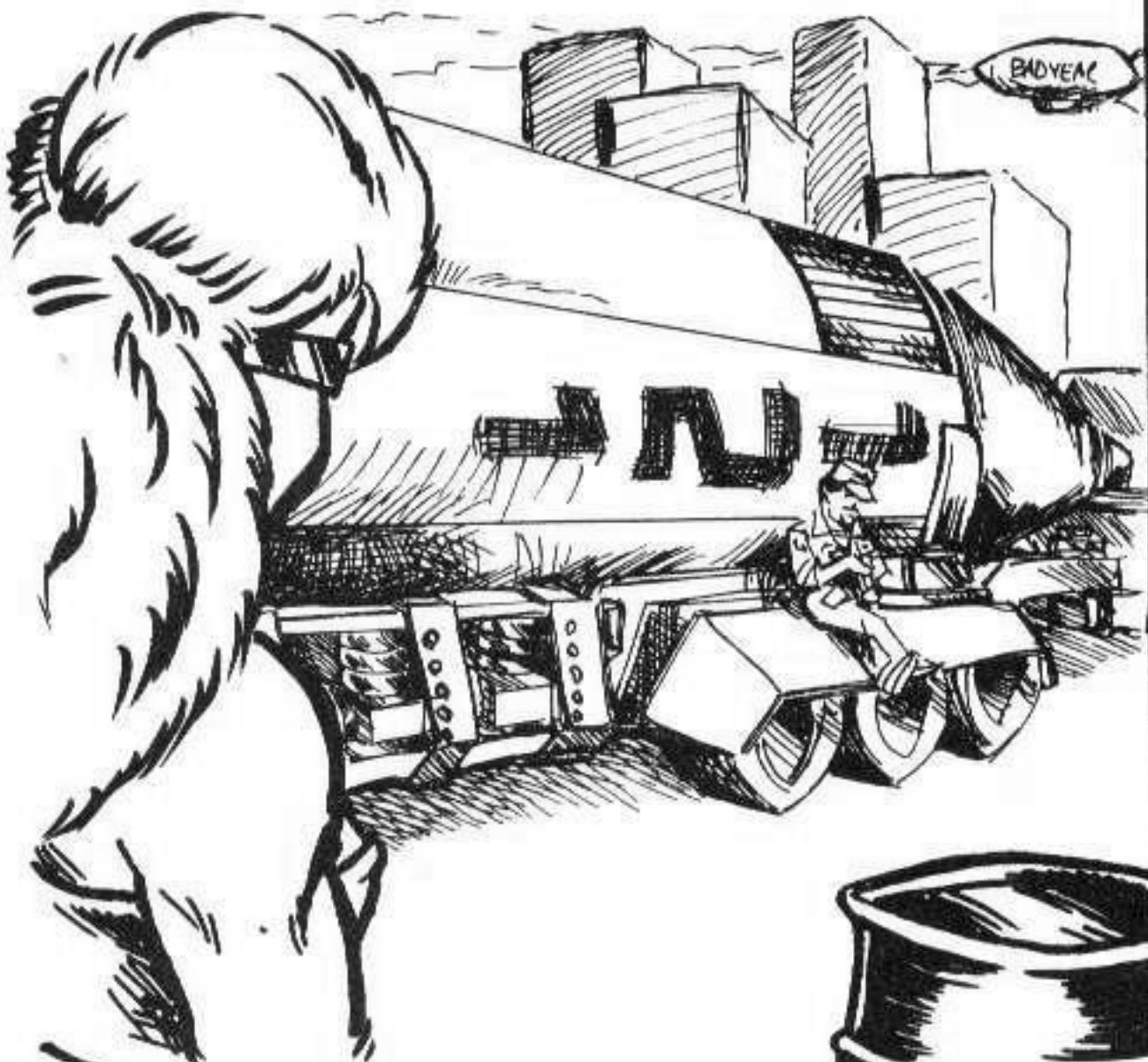
FOOD TIME BUCKY!







ORIGINALLY WE HAD TWO VEHICLES, THE SANDBLASTER ALL TERRAIN EFFECT VEHICLE. UNFORTUNATELY DUE TO AN ACCIDENT ONE WAS, AHEM, DISABLED! LUCKILY THROUGH SOME RESEARCH YOUR VEHICLE WAS FOUND AVAILABLE, HERE IN FLAGPOLE. THE ROUTE WE'LL TAKE IS VERY VOLITIALE ONE INDEED, CALLED **DALMATION ALLEY!** IT IS THOUGH THE FASTEST ROUTE TO ALBUQUERQUE AND THIS SHIPMENT ROUTE IS A VITAL OPERATION TO THE NATIONAL DEFENCE. THE REASON WE CAN'T HAUL THE COFFEE OURSELVES IS THAT WERE CARRYING AN OLD **TITAN II** AS PART OF THE DEAL!





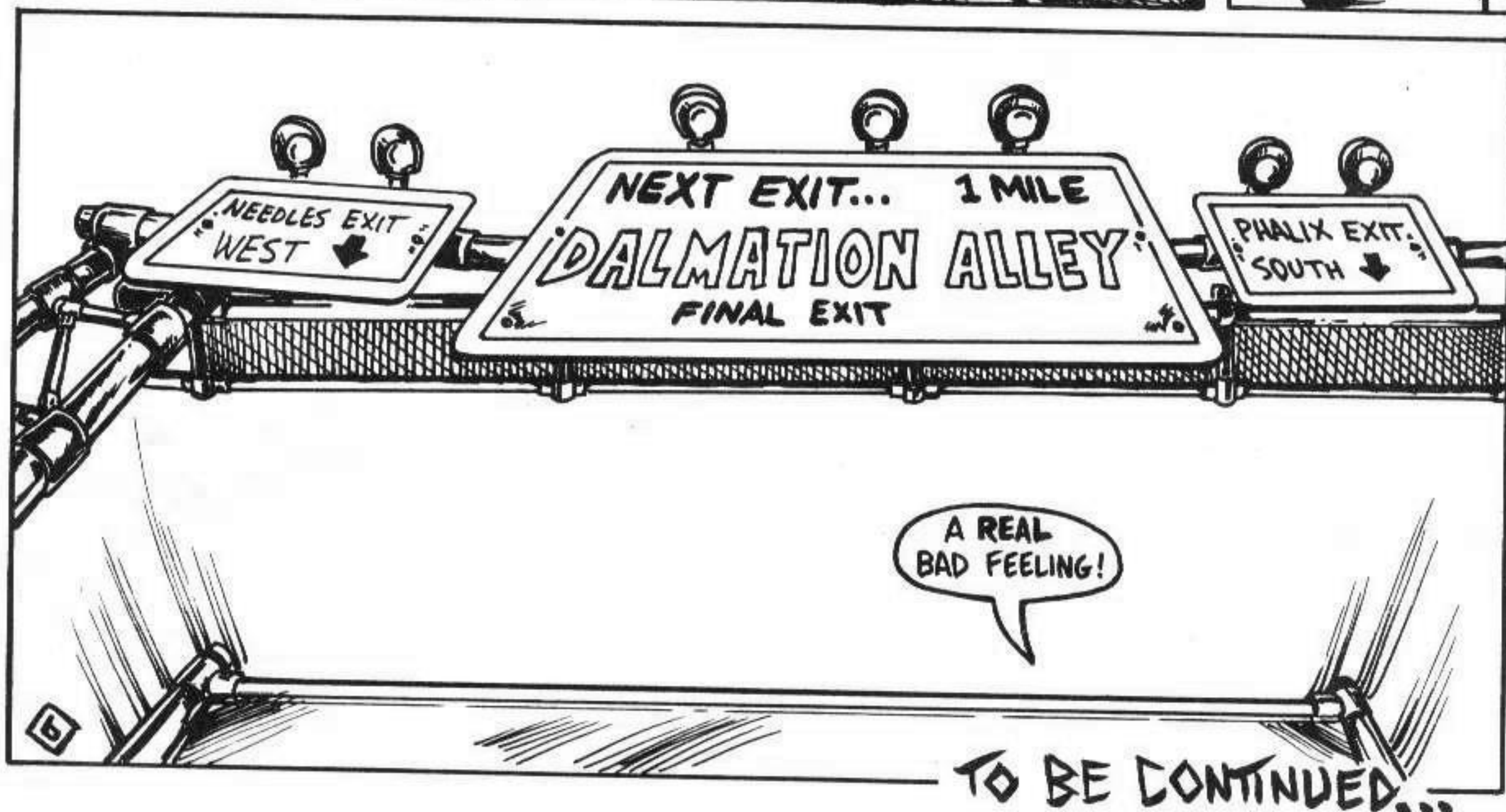








MORNING. AS THE SUN RISES IN THE NORTH, TWO HEAVY VEHICLES PREPARE TO DEPART FROM FLAGPOLE...





STAR LIZARD!  
WAKE UP!!  
BZZZT



HUH?



OMIGOSH! ITS  
THE CAPTAIN!

YES  
SIR?



IF TALON AGENTS FINISH THIS  
STATION, THE FEDERATION WOULD  
BE HELPLESS AGAINST THEM!!  
IT IS QUICKLY NEARING  
COMPLETION! YOU'VE GOT TO  
DESTROY IT. WERE COUNTING  
ON YOU, LITTLE  
TROOPER, CAN  
YOU DO IT?!

THRILLSVILLE



JUST CALLIN' TUH GIVE  
YUH YER NEW ASSIGN-  
MENT! WE NEED YOUR  
HELP!! YOU'VE GOT TO  
KNOCK OUT  
THE NEW  
TALON SPACE  
STATION!



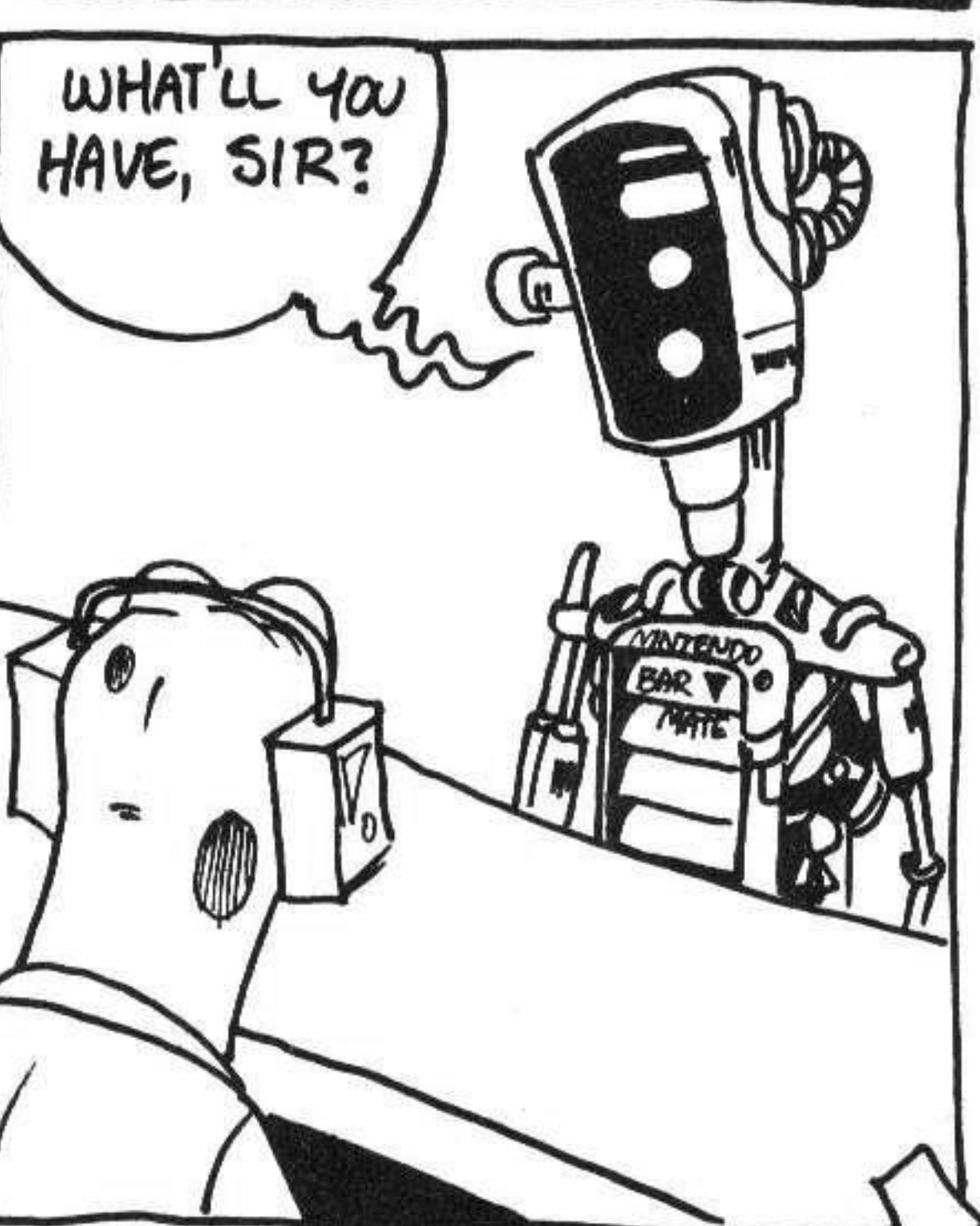
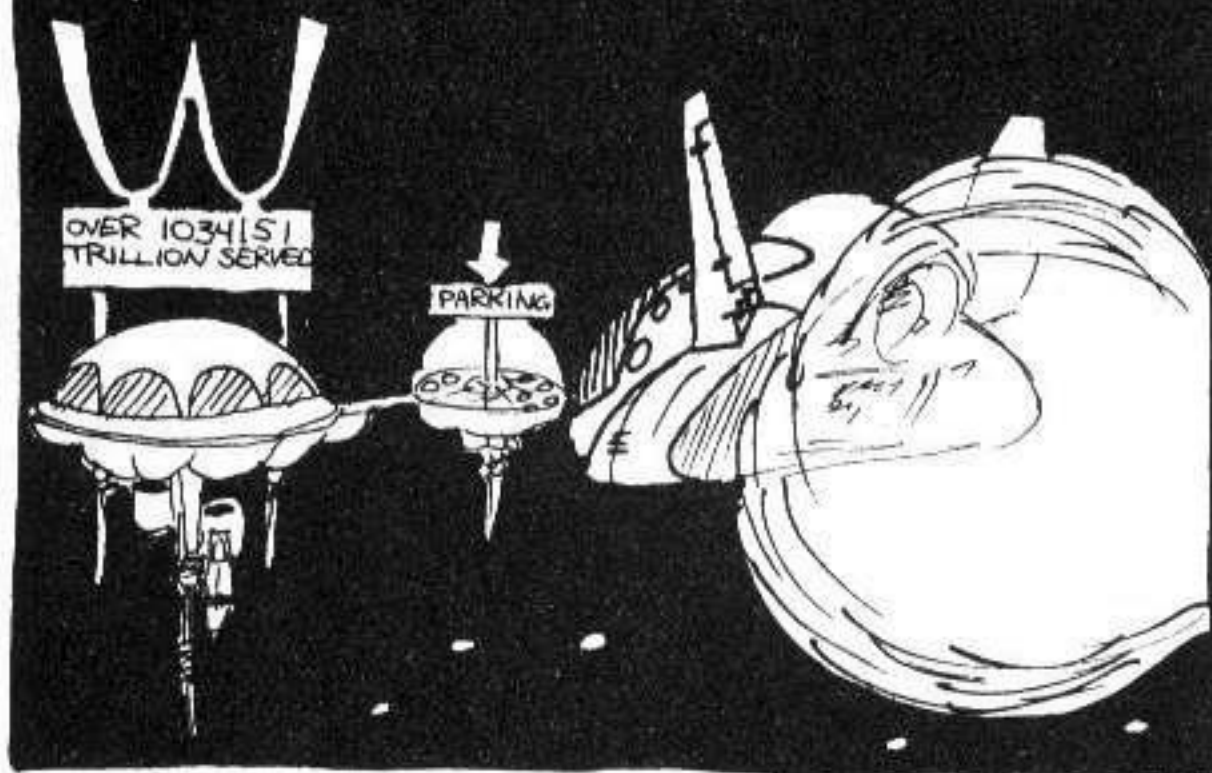
IM ON MY WAY

GOOD  
LAD!

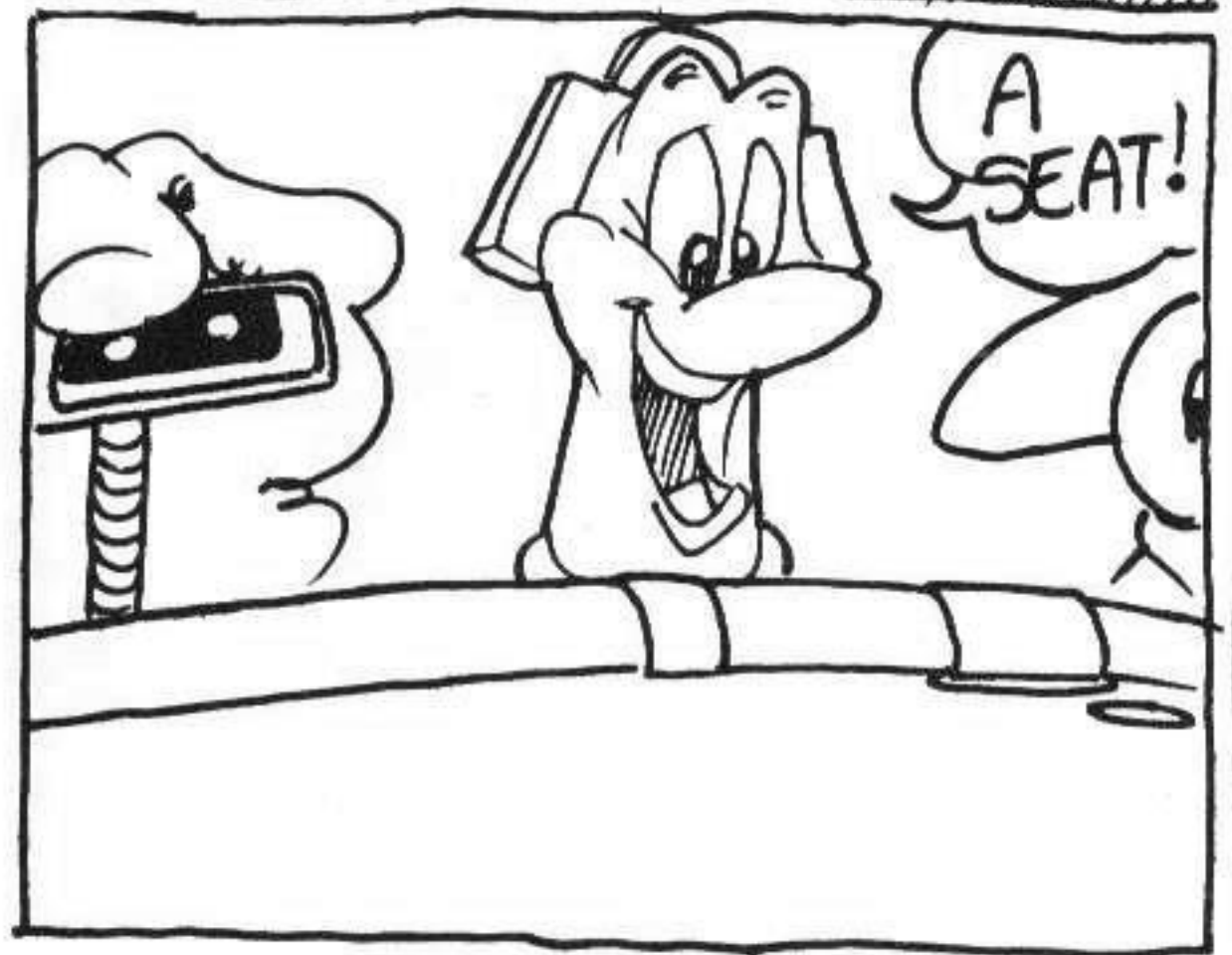




BUT FIRST, SOMETHING  
TO EAT!

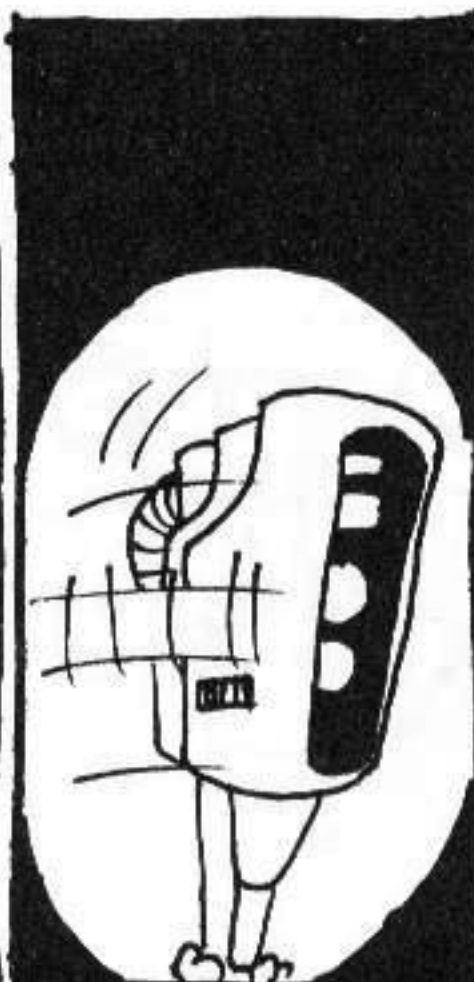


WHAT'LL YOU  
HAVE, SIR?





MILK— WITH CHOCOLATE. AN' TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE TALON SPACE STATION.

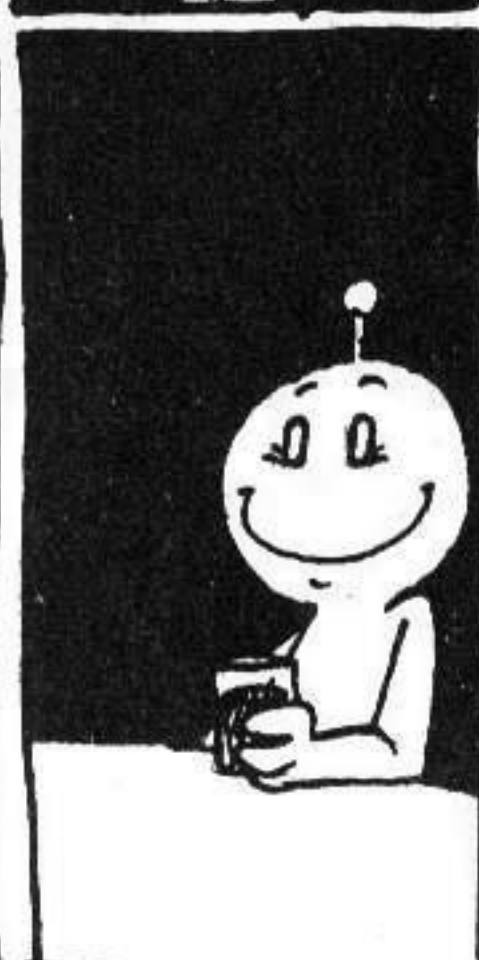
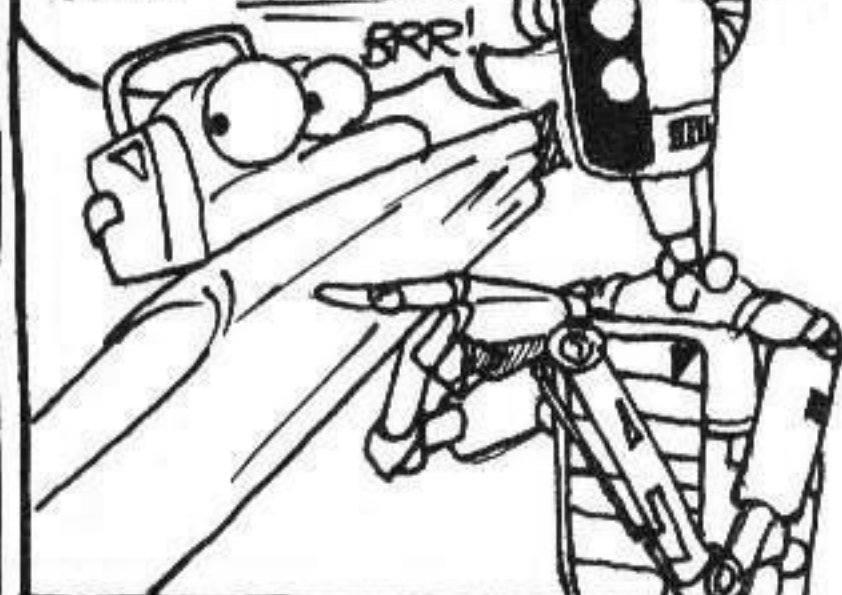


FOOL! HOLD YOUR TONGUE!!

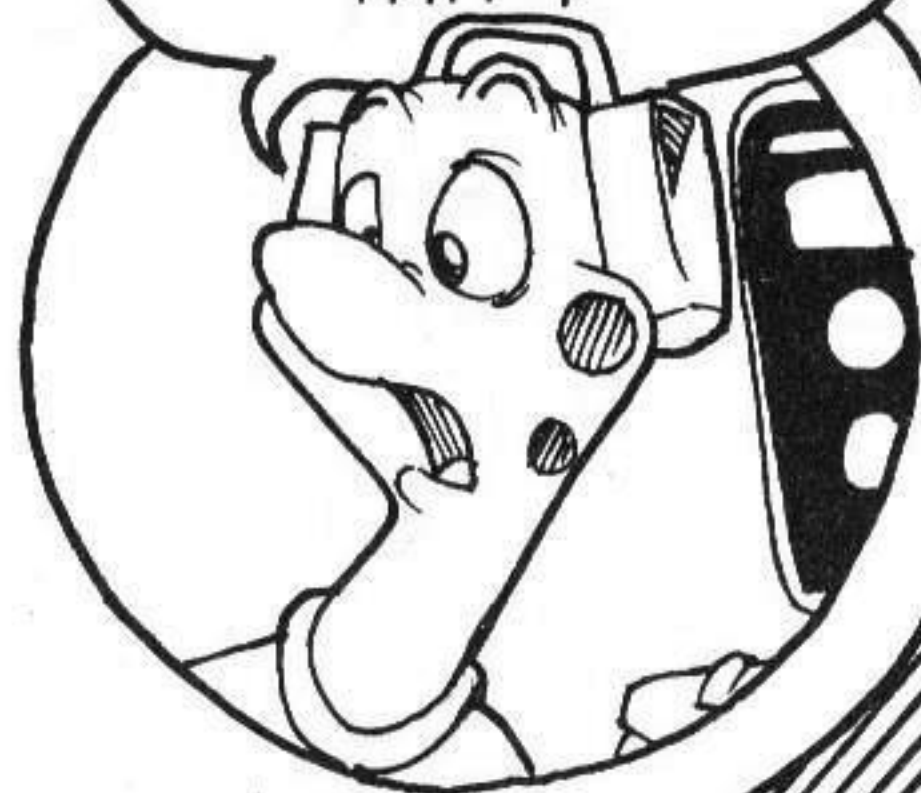
TALONS MINIONS ARE ALL AROUND US! HE SEES ALL, AND HE KNOWS ALL!!



LOOK! OVER THERE SITS ONE OF TALONS' MINIONS NOW! THEY'RE MINDLESS SAVAGES! RUTHLESS, HEARTLESS KILLERS!



BUT HE LOOKS SO HAPPY—



THEY ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THAT. THAT'S TO FOOL YOU. BUT LET ME TELL YOU— THEY'RE VICIOUS LITTLE BUGARS! DON'T DO ANYTHING TO ANNOY THEM! THEY'LL MELT YOUR FACE OFF!



I'M GONNA HAVE A TALK WITH THIS LIL' RUNT!



LOOK HERE YOU—



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE...





# KITTY MALONE

© 1987

## THE TEETH OF THE PHARAOH

MAGNIFICENT  
IS IT NOT?

VERY... UM...  
INTERESTING  
THIRD DYNASTY,  
ISN'T IT?

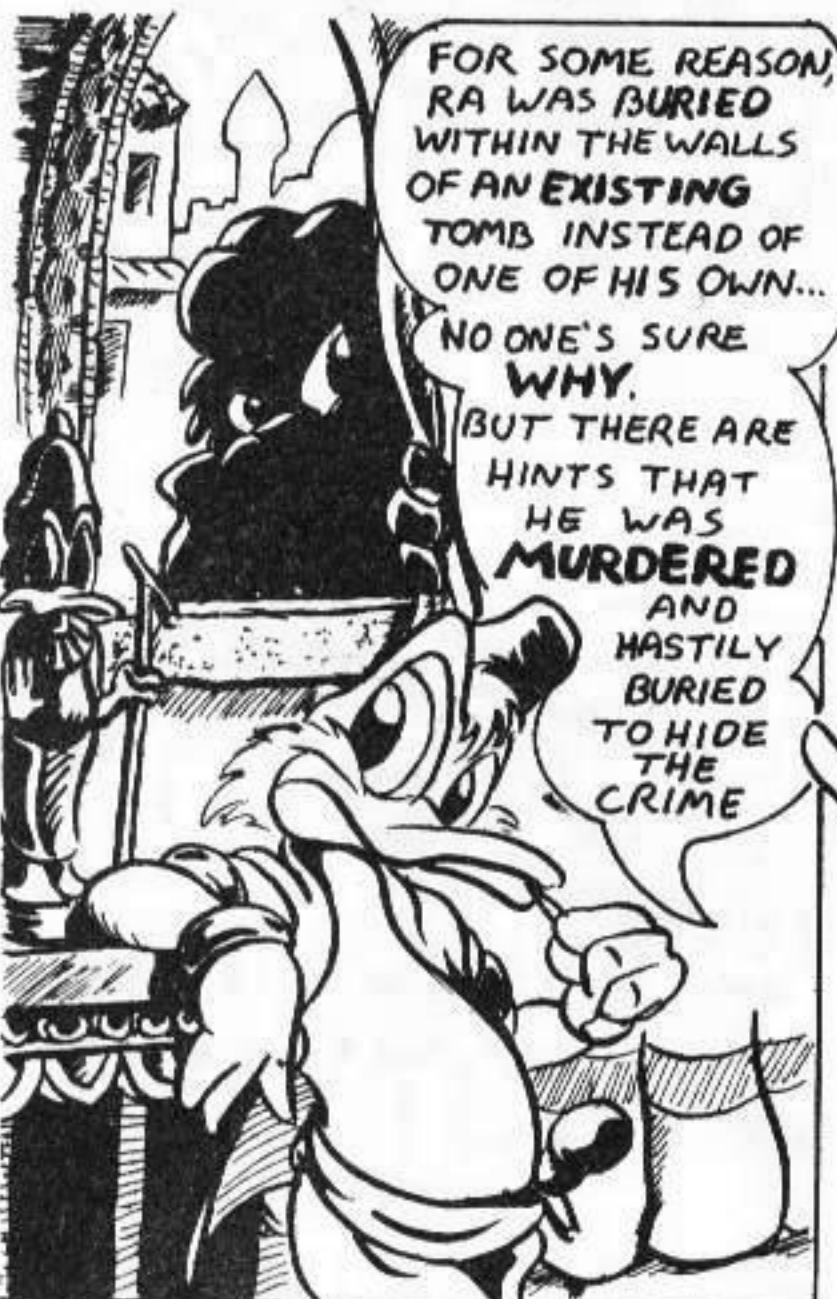
WHY, YES  
IT IS!

YOU HAVE A VERY  
GOOD... ER... EYE,  
MISS MALONE!

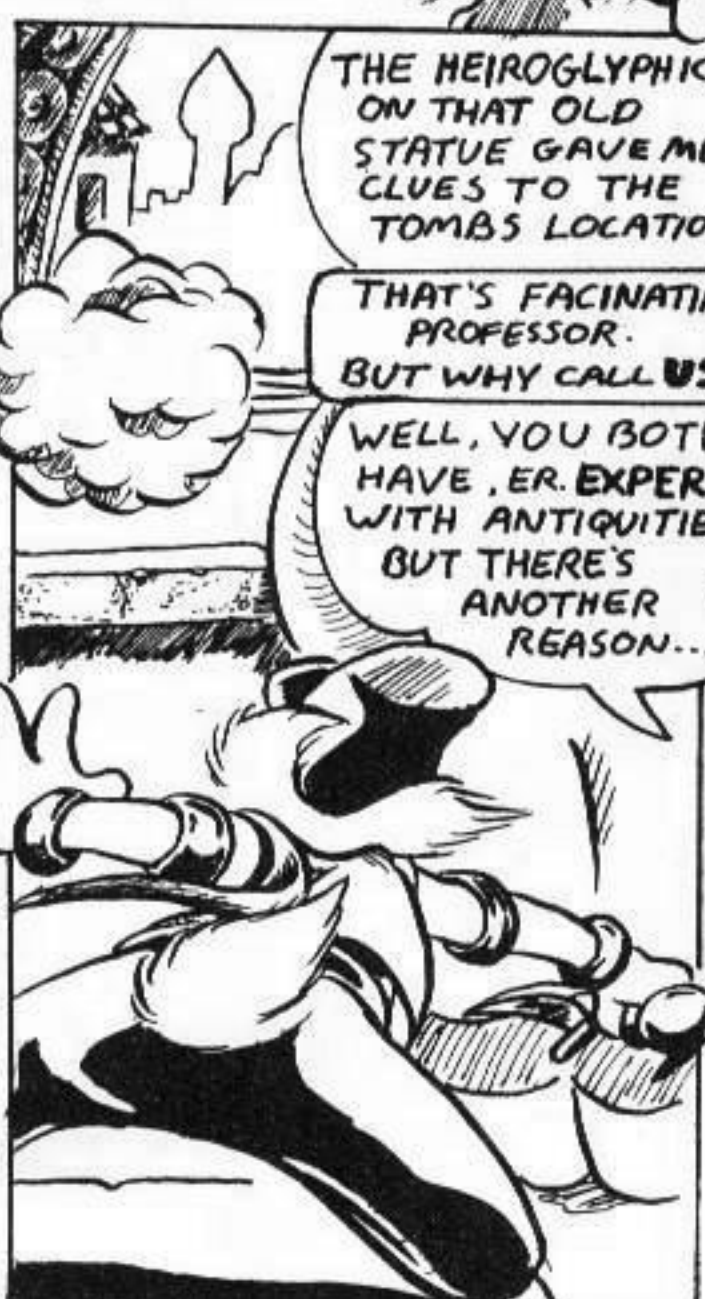
KITTY, IF YOU  
WANT TO SEE  
ANCIENT ARTWORKS  
WE CAN GO TO MY  
UNCLE OMAR'S  
CULTURAL MUSEUM  
AND GRILL ROOM!

BE PATIENT, ALI,  
I'M SURE THE PROFESSOR  
HAS A GOOD REASON  
FOR CALLING US IN.

YOU BET  
I HAVE!



FOR SOME REASON,  
RA WAS BURIED  
WITHIN THE WALLS  
OF AN EXISTING  
TOMB INSTEAD OF  
ONE OF HIS OWN...  
NO ONE'S SURE  
WHY.  
BUT THERE ARE  
HINTS THAT  
HE WAS  
**MURDERED**  
AND  
HASTILY  
BURIED  
TO HIDE  
THE  
CRIME



THE HEIROGLYPHICS  
ON THAT OLD  
STATUE GAVE ME  
CLUES TO THE  
TOMBS LOCATION.

THAT'S FACINATING  
PROFESSOR.  
BUT WHY CALL US?

WELL, YOU BOTH  
HAVE, ER, EXPERIENCE  
WITH ANTIQUITIES  
BUT THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
REASON...



THE FIND OF A LIFETIME.  
THE SECRET TOMBS OF  
**RA-SIS-BOOMBA!**

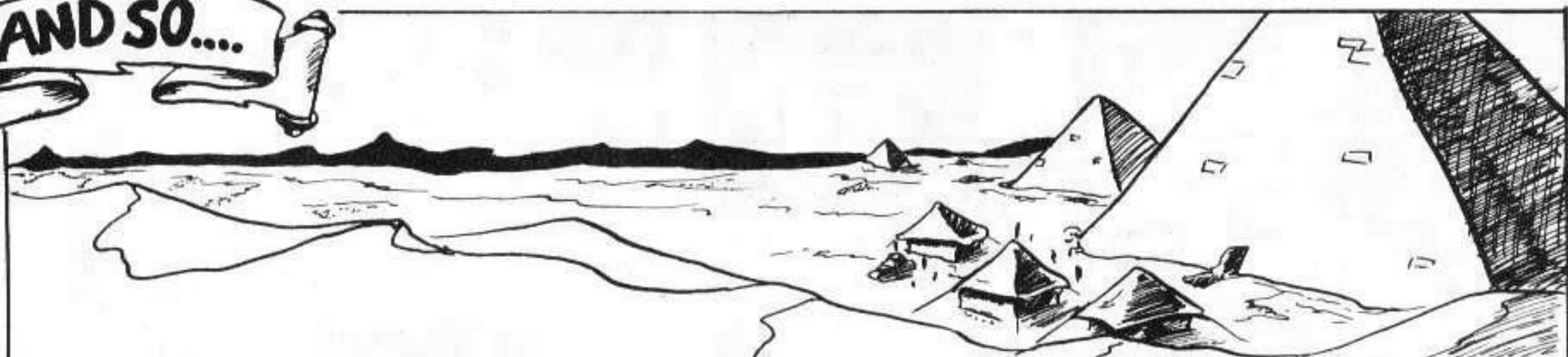
YOU SEE, THE  
HEIROGLYPHICS  
TOLO OF AN  
OBJECT OF  
**GREAT POWER**  
HIDDEN IN RA'S  
TOMB  
SOMEHOW, CERTAIN  
**UNSAVORY**  
ELEMENTS HAVE  
HEARD OF IT

YOU THINK  
THEY MAY  
TRY TO GRAB  
THE "OBJECT"?  
I'M SURE  
OF IT!

THEN YOU  
CAN COUNT  
ON US  
PROFESSOR!



AND SO....



AH, NOW WASN'T I SMART TO JOIN THE PROFESSOR INSTEAD OF WASTING TIME AT MY UNCLE'S TOURIST TRAP?

AS ALWAYS ALI... WHAT IS IT KABOOOIE?

EFFENDI SAY YOU AND SHORT, NOISEY ONE MUST COME TO SITE, MISSY..



HELLO?

AH, KITTY, ALI... COME IN! I'LL SHOW YOU THE ANTE-CHAMBER WE DISCOVERED! IT'S TIME FOR THE CREW'S LUNCH BREAK, ANYWAY..



OH, PROFESSOR! IT'S WONDERFUL! DEFINITELY THIRD DYNASTY

TAKE CARE LITTLE FLOWER!



IF THIS TOMB WAS HASTILY BUILT, IT MAY BE **UNSAFE** A LOOSE STONE MAY CAUSE A.....



CAVE IN! KITTY!

ALI-I-I!



NO! DON'T! IT'S SUICIDE!

BUT I MUST SAVE HER!











OH! ER... ARE YOU TWO LOOKING AFTER ALI? HOW IS THE POOR FELLOW?

HE IS... QUIETER EFFENDI

COME SEE FOR YOURSELF, EFFENDI



THANK YOU...I'LL-  
**WHA!?! ALI!!**

WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
**SPEAK TO ME!**



SO A MIXTURE OF SOURKRAUT AND TANNA LEAVES KEPT YOU GOING ALL THESE YEARS, MAJESTY?

YUP! AN OLD FAMILY RECIPE SURE CAME IN HANDY AFTER MY BROTHER, RALPH TRIED TO POISON ME AND GRAB MY TEETH!

RALPH? TEETH?

UH HUH... THE TEETH ARE A SYMBOL OF ROYAL AUTHORITY! WHOEVER HAS 'EM CAN CLAIM TH' WHOLE KINGDOM AS HIS OWN! BUT I HID 'EM BEFORE HE COULD GET 'EM!

WONDER WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO 'EM?



**HAW! HAW! THE LITTLE FELLOW DON'T LIKE ABDUL!**

WHY SHOULD HE? YOUR MEN CAUSED THE CAVE-IN AT THE SITE!

TRUE! A PITY WE COULDN'T GET ALL OF YOUR PARTY.

BUT, PATIENCE HAS ITS REWARDS, EH? I CAN WAIT! I'VE WAITED **TWO THOUSAND YEARS** FOR THE TEETH OF THE PHAROAH! **TWO THOUSAND YEARS** OF SOURKRAUT AND TANNA LEAVES! BUT IT WAS WORTH THE PRICE! SOON, I, **ABDUL BEN RALPH** WILL BE PHAROAH!



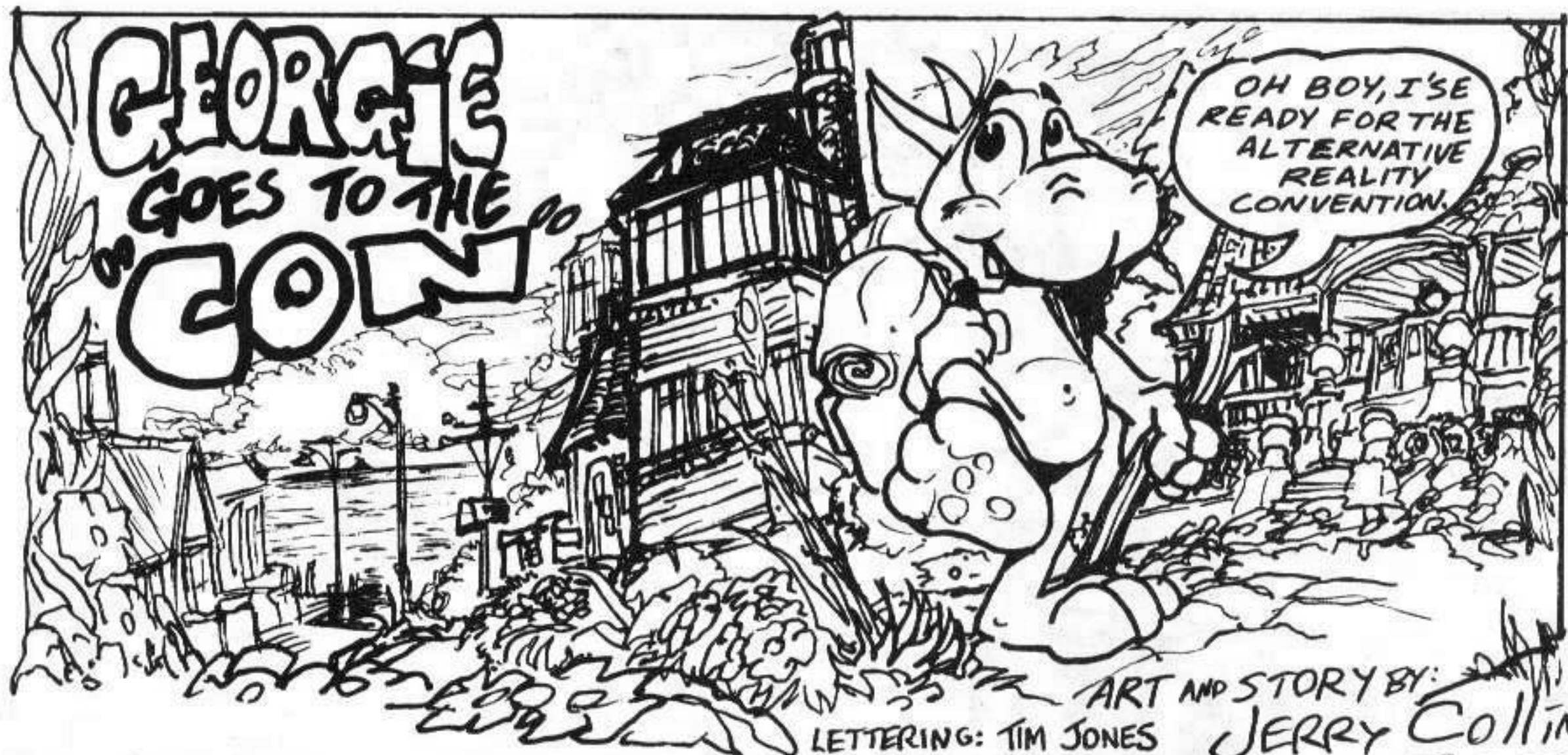


















SOME OTHER ASPECTS  
OF THE CONVENTION  
"ELEVATOR RACING!"



"BUFFET BLITZKRIEG"



"POMPOUS PERSON POPPING"



AND "MOOM" PICTURES!













AND SO GEORGIE'S WEEK END  
COMES TO A CLOSE ... ALL GOOD  
THINGS MUST END...

AW HECK! IT'S  
THE END OF  
THE STRIP AND THE  
GANARF HAD A GREAT  
TIME!  
THERE! YA  
HAPPY NOW!

Finis.



**J.L. COON** IN

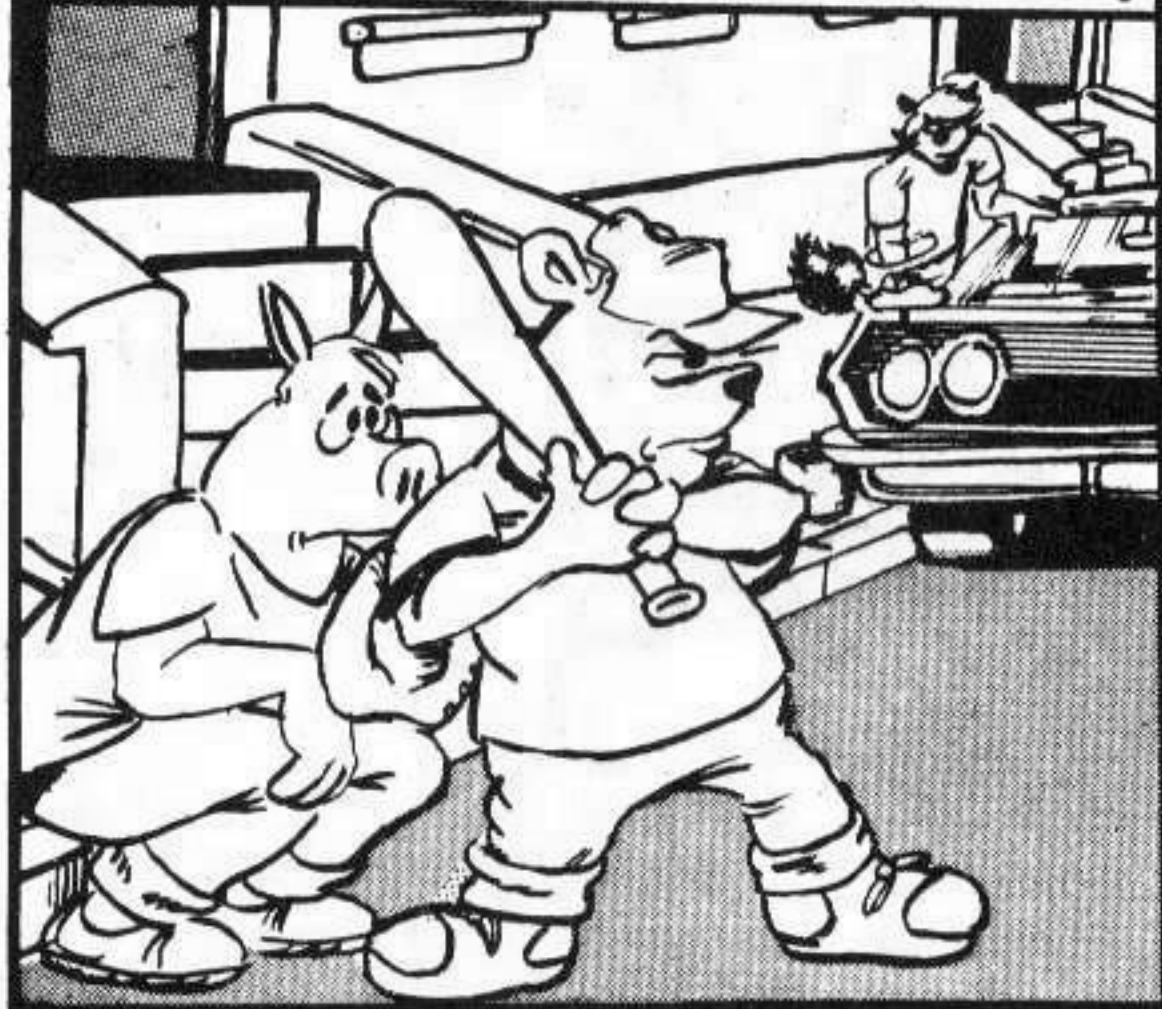
# "HIT AND RUN"

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY  
**T. LINEHAN '86**

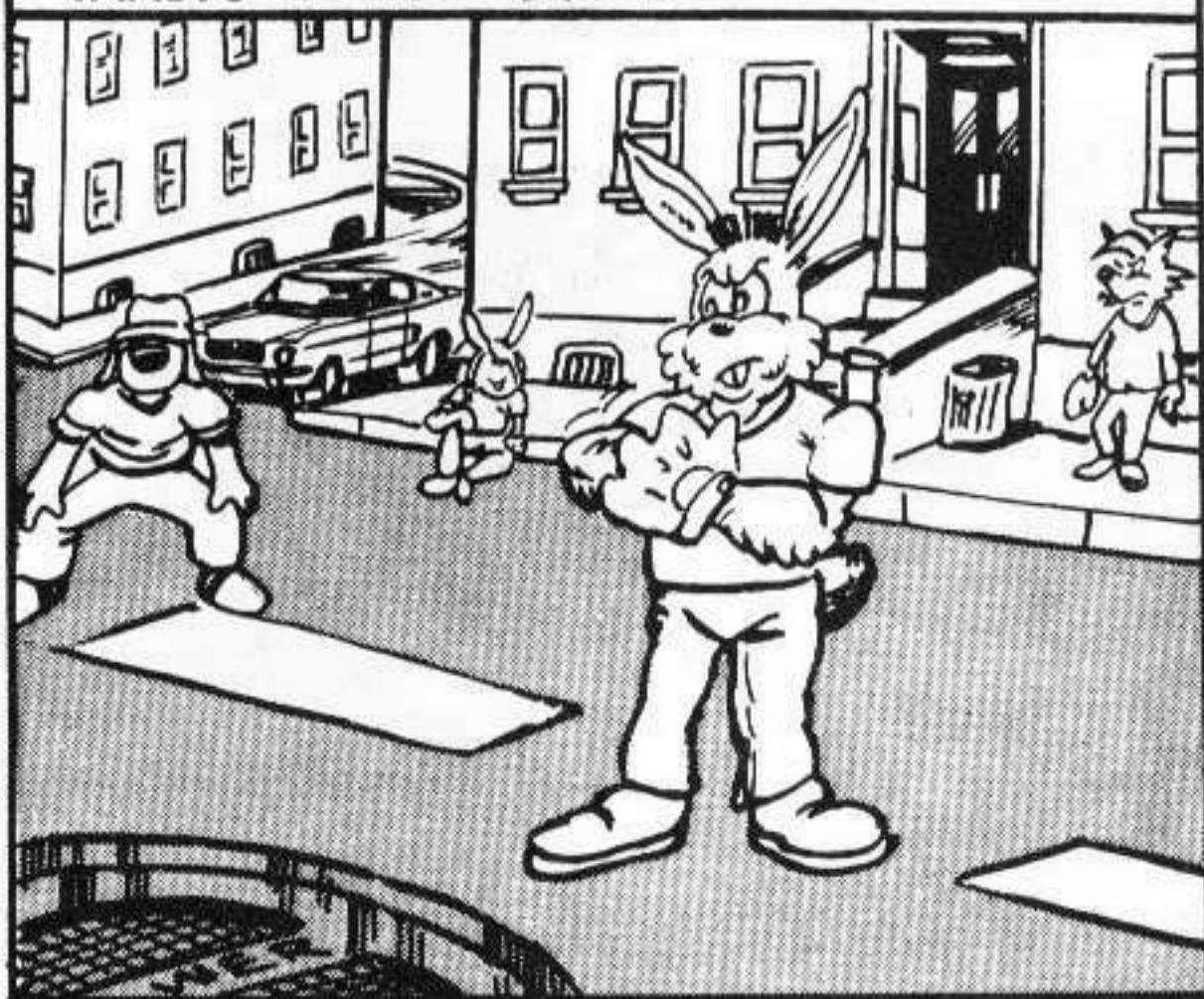
SOME GUYS JOG, SOME LIFT WEIGHTS,  
BUT MY IDEA OF A REAL WORKOUT IS  
WAXING THE CAR ON A NICE SPRING DAY.



OF COURSE, WHEN YOU'RE YOUNGER, ONE'S  
ENERGIES ARE CHanneled THROUGH THE  
GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME... BASEBALL.



SINCE WE HAD NO LOCAL FIELD IN THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD, THE GAME WAS LITERALLY  
TAKEN TO THE STREETS.

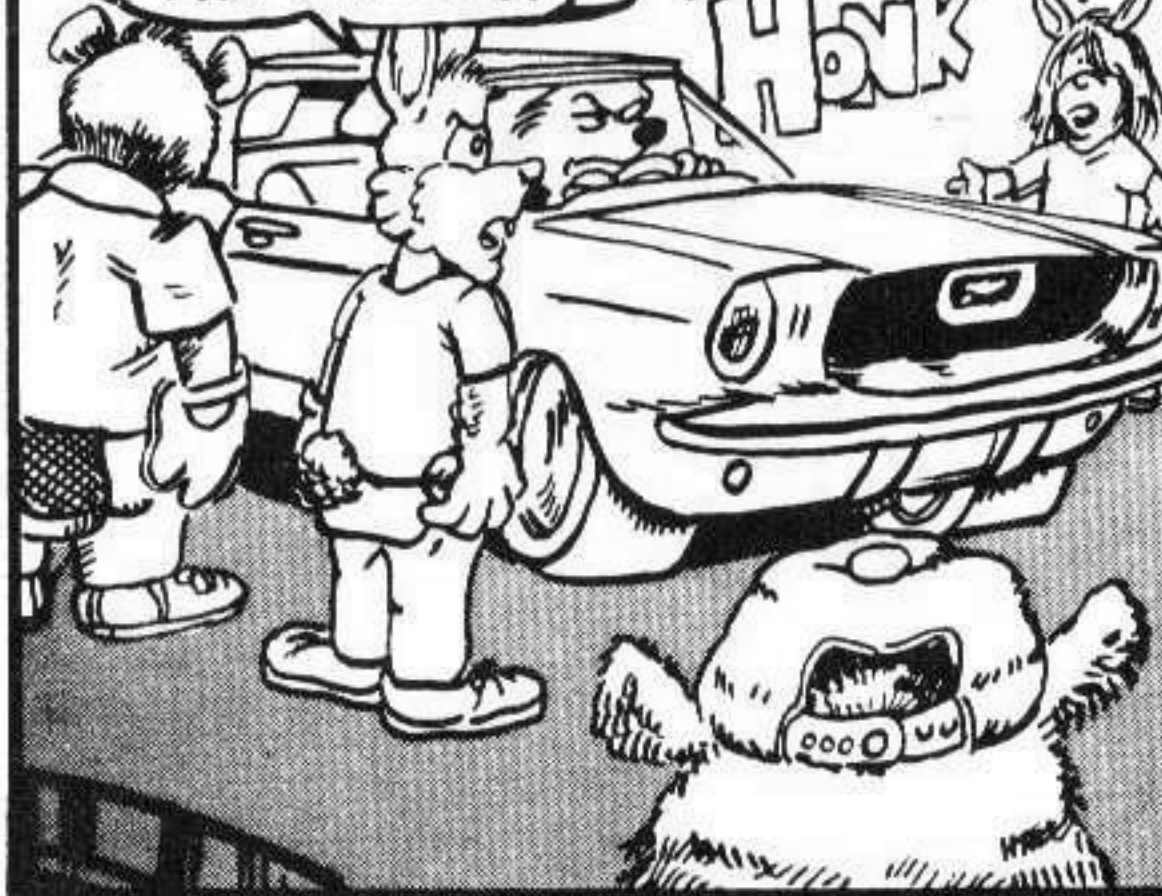


WITH TIME-OUTS ALLOWED FOR THE  
PASSING TRAFFIC... OF COURSE.

HOW MANY TIMES  
DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU,  
"WATCH OUT FOR  
THE CARS!?!?"

**Honk  
Honk**

GEE,  
I'M  
SORRY!



IT WAS SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T MIND...  
UNLESS YOU WERE A MOTHER!

**BILLY! DANNY! ...  
GET OFF OF THAT  
STREET, RIGHT NOW!  
IF I CATCH YOU BOTH  
PLAYING BALL ON...**





SINCE GREAT STRIDES WERE TAKEN TO  
KEEP THE NATURE OF THE GAMES A SECRET...

GREAT! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?



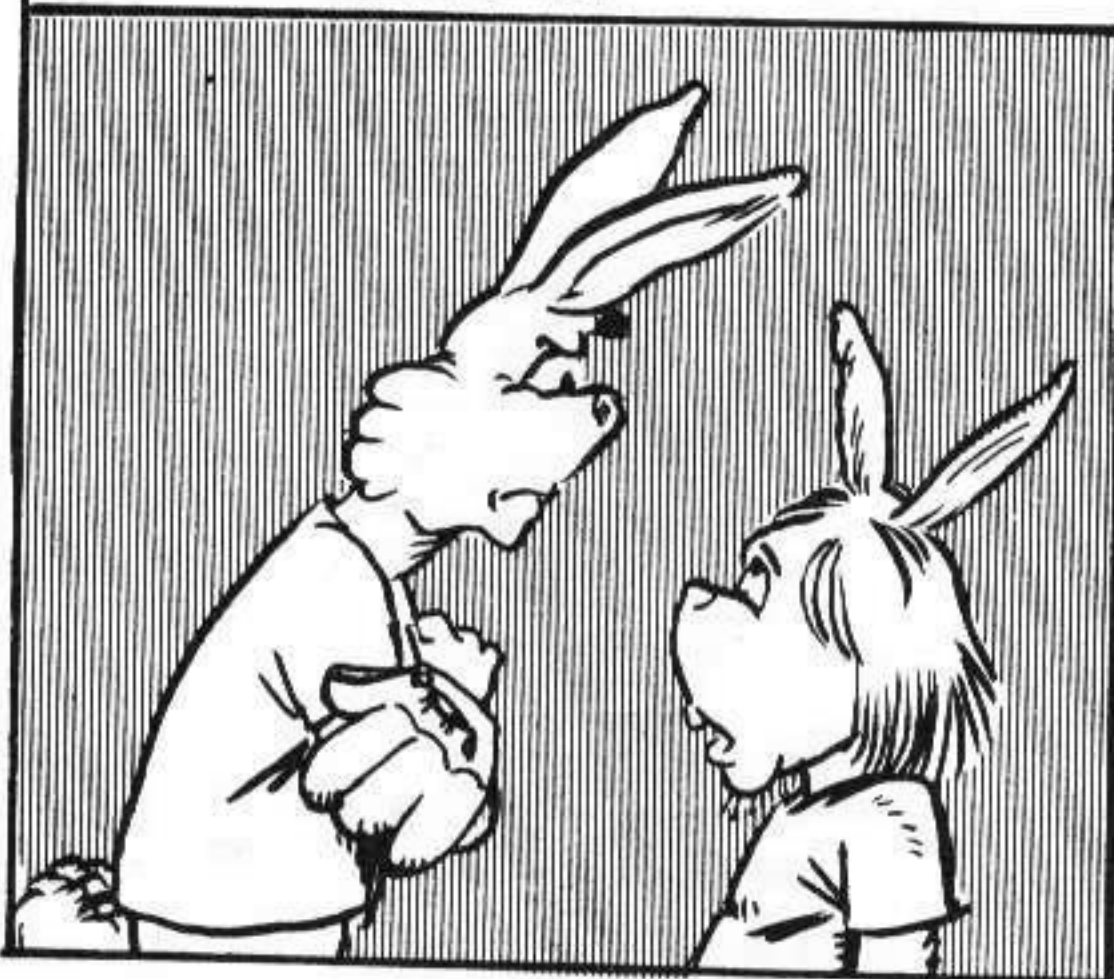
I KNOW! LET'S GO FURTHER  
DOWN THE STREET AND PLAY!!!



WE DON'T ALLOW NO  
SNITCHES ON OUR TEAM!  
COME ON, GUYS, LET'S GO!



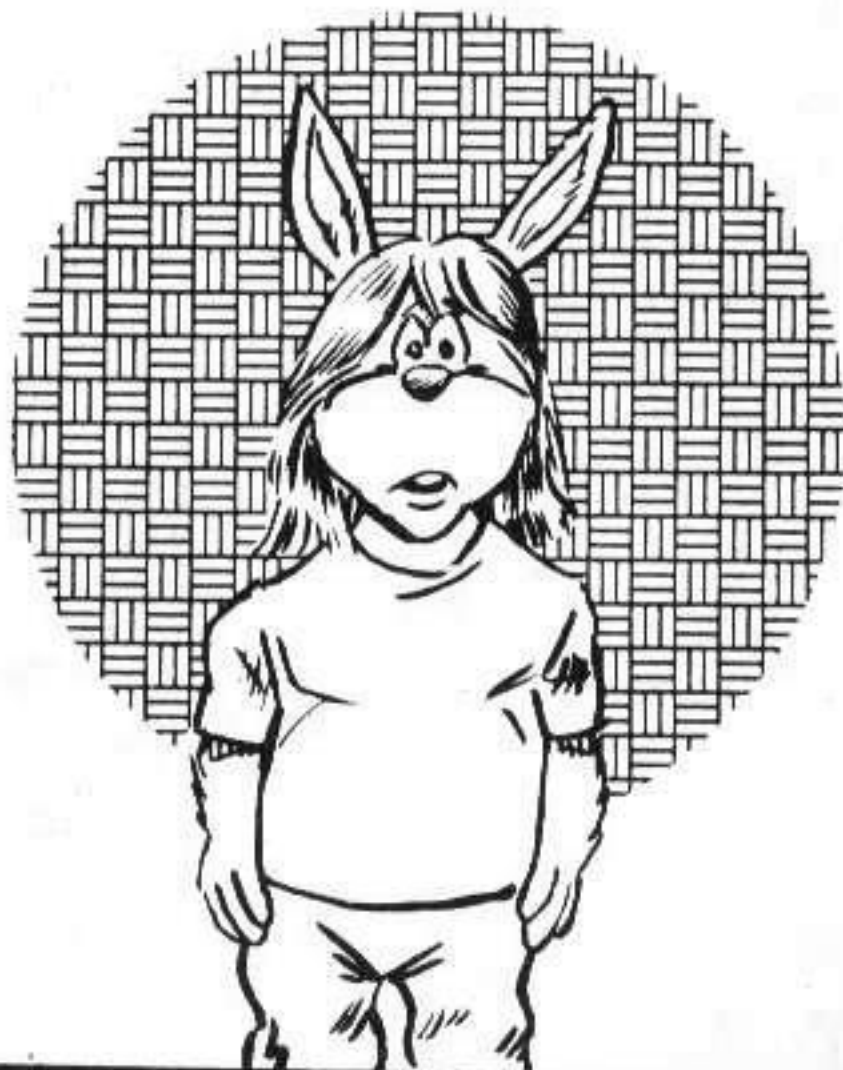
IT WAS APPARENT THAT SOMEONE  
HAD SNITCHED !!!



CAN I PLAY, TOO?



"GO HOME, YOU LITTLE SNITCH !!!"





DANNY WOODS HAD JUST FOUND OUT THE HARD WAY, THAT BEING THE YOUNGEST BROTHER IS A THANKLESS JOB



DANNY WOODS WAS A NICE KID WHO SPENT MOST OF HIS DAYS TRYING TO PLEASE HIS OLDER BROTHER, BILLY



"DO YOU THINK I'M A SNITCH?"  
"NAH!"



"ALL I WANT TO DO IS TO PLAY BASE BALL WITH BILLY AND THE OTHER GUYS, Y'KNOW!"



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT? GO ASK YOUR MOM, IF YOU CAN GO OVER TO DURKIN PARK WITH ME TO PLAY BALL."



"IF SHE HAS ANY QUESTION, SHE CAN TALK TO ME, OKAY?"



OF COURSE, I HAD A PLAN...  
... ON OUR WAY OVER, I'D PICK UP THE OTHER KIDS...



... AND WE'D SPEND THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON PLAYING IN A REAL BALL PARK !!!





DANNY, WADDYA SAY WE  
PICK UP YOUR BROTHER  
AND THE GUYS AND MAKE  
IT A REAL GAME ?!

BUT, THEY WON'T  
LET ME PLAY...

BUT SOMETIMES, THE BEST  
LAID PLANS...

... I'M SURE THEY WILL...

HEY!!!

... TURN TO SHIT.  
REAL FAST!!!

THE KIDS WERE DOWN ON  
THE CORNER OF 12TH AND  
LA GRANGE, AND IT WAS  
THE BOTTOM OF 4th Inning.

THE BASES WERE LOADED  
THE GAME WAS TIED AND  
THE PITCHER'S CONCENTRATION  
WAS UNBROKEN.

UNTIL NOW.

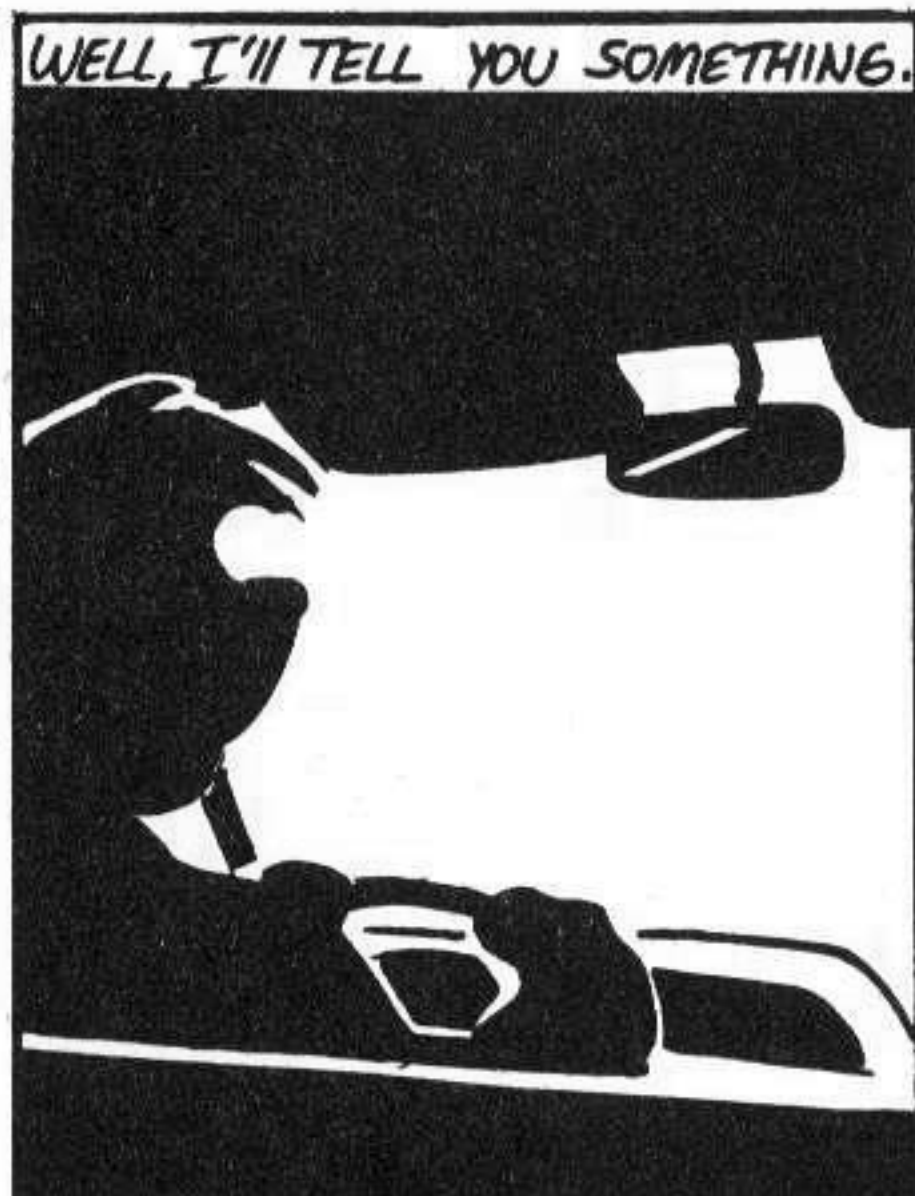
DANNY SPRANG FROM MY  
CAR, SCREAMING AT THE TOP  
OF HIS LUNGS THIS COULDN'T  
BE HAPPENING TO BILLY.

"GET UP!" "GET UP!" HE  
CRIED, AND CRIED, AND  
CRIED. BILLY WASN'T  
GETTING UP

DANNY KEPT CRYING.

AND THE DAMNED SON OF A BITCH,  
IN THE CAMARO, WASN'T STOPPING.

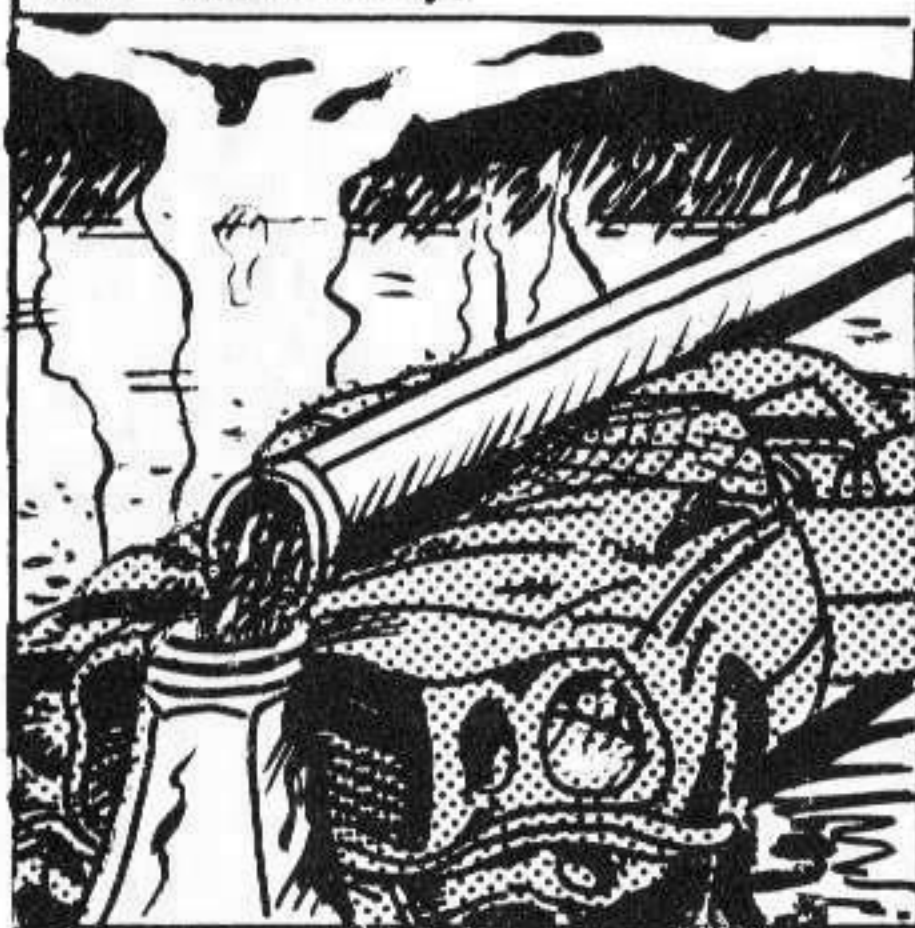




...TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME! EVERYBODY THESE DAYS IS IN SUCH A HURRY...

NOBODY WANTS TO STOP FOR ANY BODY...

OR ANYTHING. SOME FOLKS JUST HAVE TO FIND OUT FOR THEMSELVES. THE HARD WAY.



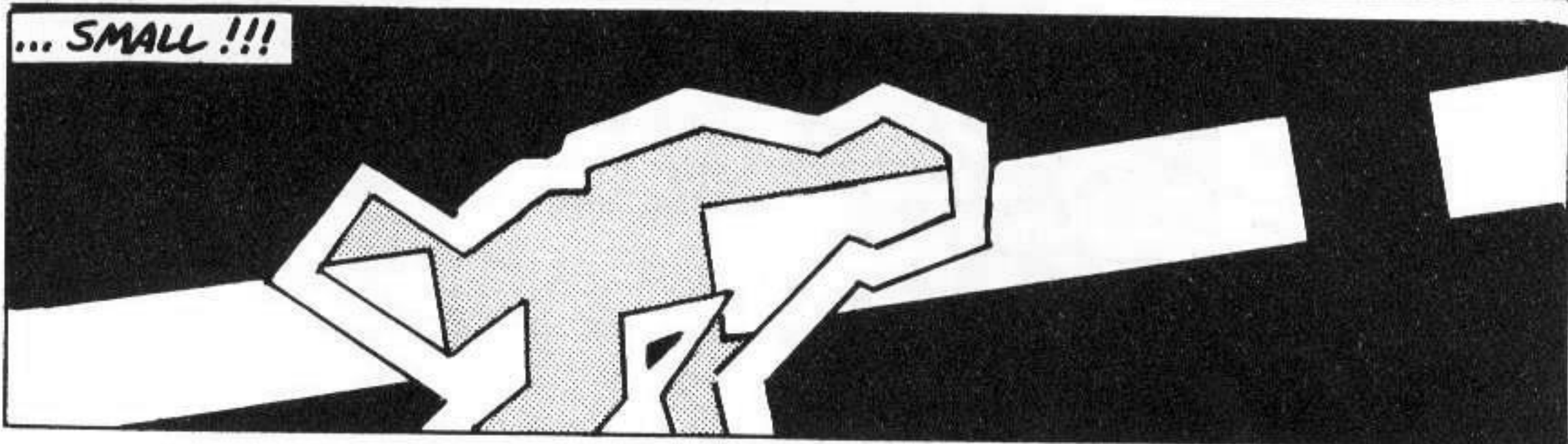
THAT NIGHT, EVERYONE AGREED THAT THE LORD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS...

IT WAS ALL DONE IN A POLITE, HUSHED TONE. THAT WAS BROKEN...

WHEN DANNY SAID IN CALM VOICE "IT'S MY FAULT, YOU KNOW!"











## FROM THE PUBLISHER

Jim Groat

Welcome to the first issue of MORPHS. What does morphs stand for? Its short for "anthropomorphic". This comic will deal strictly with the world of "funny Animals". Heaven knows there's enough superhero comics out there. Within these pages are artists who are known in fandom for their work, some nationally. We at Graphxpress will be bringing new talent to you on a continuous basis, giving exposure to artists deserving and waiting for their "big break".

Also, more well-known artists are slated to appear in upcoming issues. If things go well enough, depending on you readers out there, some of these works just might end up in books of their own.

MORPHS is scheduled to be published quarterly and, depending on you again, could become bi-monthly. This is what we're hoping for.

Future contributors will be Greg Bear, Brett Koth, Ken (Space Ark / Myth Adventures) Mitchrone and possibly Donna Barr (seen in The Dreamery #1), plus many others yet to be named (I'm still working on 'em [twist, twist {OW! My arm!}])).

### DO YOU THINK THAT YOU HAVE TALENT?

We are soliciting submissions by any budding "funny-animal" cartoonists out there for possible publication in MORPHS. PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE,

DO NOT SEND YOUR ORIGINALS TO US!! Send good xerox copies with an S.A.S.E. and your full address and phone number on a separate sheet of paper. Those submissions sent without an S.A.S.E. will be trashed.

Who knows, your feature might be the new "Ninja Turtles".

Send submissions to:

#### MORPHS SUBMISSIONS

P.O.Box 32292

Tucson, AZ 85751

## PHIL MORRISSEY

Oh, Lord, um, well I guess that I'd better write this bio fast 'cause all I've got is a quarter of a page to work with and I've already wasted a chunk of that now! Let's see, mmmmm..... wait!!! Time for a movie break...

"Dave, what are you doing, Dave?"

"Just giving you a small lobotomy, HAL."  
beep

"Mother, Mother...yes, Mother, I'll kill the little slut, just as you said!"

beep

"The defendant, Mrs. Koplowski, is being accused of having her home-made nuclear reactor mutate her neighbor's poodle, Fifi. She's being sued for \$256.34. And here's Judge Wopner now."

beep

WHAT HAVE I DONE?!? No problem, I'm still in control but it'll have to be fast...

My name is Phil Morrissey, I live in Missouri, I love art, women, comics, booze and MONEY! Read my stuff. Waitaminit!! I've just realised something...

I've been HYPMO..., HYPMO..., HYPMOTISED!!!

*ED. NOTE: This poor spud forgot the following info. Phil Morrissey lives in Springfield, MO and is currently the inker of EQUINE THE UNCIVILISED. His hobbies include harassing religious zealots.*

## TOM OWENS

I can't ever remember a time when I didn't thoroughly enjoy drawing. I have drawn since I was in preschool and have been improving ever since. I'm 17 and I live in California. Besides drawing cartoons my other favorite thing is playing bass guitar in my Duran Duran-Kaja inspired group. I hope to make it either as a musician with my friends, John Bahner and Scott Allen (we are known as "SQUARE RED") or to be an animator for Ken Stack Productions, an up and coming studio with the best crew of talent anywhere.



## JERRY COLLINS

Born in October, 1957 in Atlanta, GA, home of Jack Davis and Coca-Cola.

My father was a "fine arts" instructor, my mother a medical lab technician. This is the major factor in my development; from my dad: training and technique, from my Mom a fondness for the silly (you become a lab/hospital staff member and see if you don't get a little bent at the edges).

Training: Atlanta Area Tech School (1987). Hobbies: collecting old books, comics, toys, building (and mutating) model kits, leering at people and hanging around old houses and cemeteries.

Likes: Comics, cartoons, old houses, woods, Beethoven, old cars, vintage airplanes, Max Fleischer, Vaughn Bode', root beer, my wife Becky (yay!), H.P. Lovecraft, Frank Zappa, Ernie Kovacs, airships and other wonderful decapancies.

## JOHN SPEIDEL

From his secret base somewhere in the high Arctic, this mysterious and reclusive crusader against crime wages a neverending battle against propriety and good taste. His primary weapons are an arsenal of cheesy comic strips such as Steppinwolf, Macho Mouse and the Many Perils of Kitty Malone, all of which he releases upon a helpless humanity without mercy or regret.

Will this artistic Attila the Hun never be stopped? Will the world of comics be flooded with a torrent of further foolishness? Only time will tell...

## TOM LINEHAN

Tom Linehan started drawing at a very early age. As he grew older he began to draw everything, cars, buildings, girls. But his first love was always comics.

His high school years brought a more formal edge to his training when he attended the Museum of Fine arts Scholastic Program. He later attended Boston State College. In the years that followed, Tom worked hard on the West Roxbury Post doing cartoons and

spending weekends doing caricatures at craft shows and local comic conventions.

His work began to appear in the Comics Journal, the Buyers' Guild, Batmania, Supernews and The Science Fiction Times. It was around this time that Tom began developing the character, J.L. Coon, a funny-animal detective. As to what J.L. Coon is all about, read "Hit & Run" and discover for yourself.

When not drawing, Tom can be found in front of his pet VCR, "Sport", watching cartoons and reruns of "Hill Street Blues".

The production staff wishes to extend thanks to Bill "High Noon Snoozer" Logsdon .

Here's a list of suggested reading. If you haven't seen 'em, give 'em a try. Tell them EQUINE sent you. **"ALBEDO"** by Steve Gallacci, P.O. Box 19419, Queen Anne Station, Seattle, WA 98109. **"Eb'Nn"** by Chris Ecker and Mike Dimpsey, P.O. Box 463, Brookfield, IL 60513. **"SAMURAI PENGUIN"** by Dan Vado and Mark Buck, 983 South Bascom Ave., San Jose, CA 95128. **"HAMSTER VICE"** by Dwayne Ferguson and **"NERVOUS REX"** by William Van Horn, c/o Blackthorne Publishing, 786 Blackthorne Ave., El Cajon, CA 92020. **"SPACE ARK"** by Ken Mitchrone, P.O. Box 787, Bethel, CT 06801. **From Fantagraphics Books: "CRITTERS"**

**"USAGI YOJIMBO"** by Stan Sakai, **"CAPTAIN JACK"** by Mike Kazaleh, c/o Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Rd., Agoura, CA 91301.

And, of course, the masters (please bow and recite after me...), **"TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES"** by Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird, P.O. Box 417, Haydenville, MA 01039. **"CEREBUS"** by Dave Sim, P.O. Box 1674 Stn C, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2G 4R2

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# FEAR

BOARIMAR PRODUCTION. © 1986

\*BLÄRP\*  
IT'S JUST A \*  
RAG FULL OF \*  
\*HIC\* FUNNY \*  
ANIMALS! \*

RM. '86

